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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

O! there is woman's breast a sigh
That bids the heart to glow;
And there is a tear in woman's eye
That melts at human woe—
And there is a ray of lightning light
That emanates above;
O! it glides the gloom of faithless night;
It is the light of love!

O! there is woman's lips a smile,
As bright as those of Heaven;
But it is not bought with gold or guile,
Thou' it be man's 'tis given—
And on her cheek a blush is there,
That rivals that of morn;
O! it is the rainbow of despair,
When youthful love is torn.

O! there is a man of gentle years,
Could mock at woman's sigh;
Is there one could triumph in those tears
That flow from Beauty's eye?
Or one whose soul has never felt
Her woe upon its shrine?
O! there is a wretch that never knelt
At Beauty's shrine?

If so, bind a savage to his arms,
In excess of cruel care;
Let not woman's silken chain of charms,
Defend him from despair!
In desert by the demon dwell,
From home to horror drive;
For the heart that's dead to love, is hell—
'Tis woman makes a heaven!

MILFORD, Del. MILFORD BARD.

HOME.

Why should my footsteps ever stray,
And from this lovely spot e'er roam?
There is a voice that bids me stay,
And echo whispers—this is home.

Oh! pause, with her glowing pen,
Portrays the world—and bids me roam;
But ah! amid the haunts of men,
My heart would sigh—poor, peaceful home.

Around the cheerful blaze of night,
What can tempt my thoughts to roam?
For here is true—and pure delight,
And this my poor—but peaceful home.

P. S.

To my late and much lamented Father,
Say, my dear parent, canst thou tell
What blissful visions thee befall?
O, why assume that lovely smile,
Which mark'd thy countenance the while?

When in the grave thy form was laid,
Couldst thou behold the tears I shed;
Or how my heart did loathe the day
I lost that sweet closed bosom the day?

When turning from that dark retreat,
With tearful eye, and tottering feet,
I took a sad and cheerless view,
And bade a long, a last adieu.

Thy friends endeavor to impart
A ray of comfort to my heart—
Ah! none but God can give relief
To heart like mine, ingulfed in grief.

O, may thou dwell in realms above,
Meed of thy labor, life, and love,
Where, crowned with bliss, thou shalt adore
Our Saviour King forevermore. EMMA.

TO THE EAGLE.

See the morning open her eye
On the stars have left the sky,
While the mist is on the bill,
And the lonely vale is still,
The wing in Heaven gleams—another star—
And dusts the spangled dome,
Of the cobweb clouds that come
While the sun is far away;
And before he brings us day
Thine eye can mark his rising from afar,
And be bathing in his light,
While the world is wrapt in night!

Monarch of the piercing eye!
That gazes at the sun;
That marks him from the eastern sky,
Until his race is run,
When the sky is bright and fair,
And thou art not in air,
Thine eye can mark thy spot of birth,
Unseen thyself by eyes of earth!

Ruler of the billowy cloud!
When the lightning spreads its wing,
And the thunder calls aloud,
While the tempests rudely sing,
Thou minglest in the storm;
Or thy lightning-glancing form
Is borne above the scene of strife,
In the blue sky's sun-shine life,
And the sunbeams bid thy plume,
While the earth's o'er-frown'd with gloom!

Dweller of the castle crag!
When the din of battle roars—
When the warrior rears the flag,
Where the cannon rolls the roar—
Then thy voice is on the gale;
And the foe's heart will quail,
As from out thy sulphury cloud,
Its triumphal shout;
Like the dismal voice of Fate,
On the awful call of Fate,
Spoken from another world
Where the pall of night's unfurled!

Yet from thence thine eye can see
All the havoc thou dost see
And thy voice is heard afar,
Ere the war is over!

O! for an eye like thine, to gaze
Undazzled at the light of truth,
To see thro' all the misty haze,
That gives to fancy hues of south;
Oh, for a wing like thine, to spring
Above the region of my birth;
To soar above the clouds that fling
Their baneful shadows o'er the earth!
I'd build my nest on some high rock,
Where sun-light still would smile;
Nor would I feel the tempest shock,
Nor strife that roll on earth the while;
Or thence my wing might find above
Some little, peaceful, pleasant sphere,
Whence I might view the friends I love—
Poor weary pilgrims lagging here!

LONDON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA DISPLAYED.

Looking in a south-east direction from the spot on which I stood, there appeared a long but very narrow street crowded with miserable tenements, which were not sufficient to shelter their inhabitants from the inclemencies of the climate. My eyes were fixed intently on one particular dwelling, in which was presented a spectacle of human degradation, to which my experience furnishes no parallel. I saw, however, informed me it was a matter of common occurrence in this country, and that many absolutely perished from the want of proper food. When we contemplate the almost innumerable calamities to which mankind are exposed, and that while the virtuous are groaning under the weight of sorrow, the wicked are reveling in all the luxury of pleasure, a strange contrast is apparent in the works of providence. But it is our duty to adore the wisdom, it is not given us to comprehend, and to bow in reverence to those decrees we cannot change.

Here in a small apartment were collected six individuals, to whose means of existence had been denied, and a lingering disease while it increased the horrors of poverty, removed to a distance the prospect of repose in the grave. In a corner there was placed a quantity of straw, covered by a blanket which had probably once been white, but now had acquired a dusky hue from the torments of smoke which issued from a small iron stove. This was the bed upon which reclined the man and his wife both in the last extremity of a direful distemper, and four meagre children wailed in vain, sought that breath their unhappy parents could not bestow. When the father turned his agonizing countenance upon the destitute infants, the sigh burst from a full fraught bosom, and the tear rolled down his manly cheek—his lips trembled, he would have uttered something—a stifled groan alone was heard, and he sank exhausted on the comfortless couch; the wife was not loud in her lamentations, nor boisterous in her sorrow—her's was the silent and subdued grief of the soul.

The youngest child was a very infant, and as the mother pressed its feeble form to her bosom, the deep lamentations of her countenance plainly told the anguish of her bleeding heart. The babe slept unconscious of its danger, and the horrible truth, that the fountain of its nourishment was nearly exhausted, disturbed not its serenity. The sunken eye, the pallid cheek, the attenuated limbs, gave awful signs that nature's dissolution was at hand, and ere the sun again had begun his race, this victim of misery was resting in the bosom of its father and its God. When childhood descends into its last abode, grief should give place to joy, in the exhilarating reflection that upon them the weight of this world's trouble has not descended. That their unperished by the pollutions of society, and undisturbed by its vices, have passed to those kindred skies where holiness is forever dwells.

But still there is a chord most delicately entwined round the human heart, which must vibrate until time has interposed its healing office, when we behold those to whom affliction has allied us, pass from the gay scenes of life to the gloomy mansion of the dead. There are consecrated moments upon which philosophy must not intrude, as a period appointed by heaven for the indulgence of those emotions which do such honor to the common sympathies of humanity. The mother in the present instance, was displayed in all the dignity of unaffected regret, without any ostentation of mourning, or that external demonstration which is frequently nothing more than an ill concealed pleasure. When I beheld the mild blue eye, turned in conscious dependence towards the heavens, as if to supplicate relief from the great source of all good, and marked the anxious countenance, the heaving bosom, and the suppressed sigh, that struggled for utterance, the tear trembled on my quivering lid. I turned from the scene of woe, to give free course to the soul-subduing emotions which rushed upon me, and I began to regret the curiosity which induced me to witness so appalling a spectacle.

The sun had now thrice performed its accustomed journey, since my entry adapted to the sustenance of man, and entered this miserable tenement, and nature wearied with her own efforts, was rapidly sinking into the arms of a deadly sleep. Two of the children had already reached that point in which complaint becomes impossible, their silent gestures were more truly horrible to me than the more noisy clamors of the rest. They demanded bread from those who were incompetent to give them relief, and to the parson's eye nothing seemed apparent on the look of duty than the dreadful event of the successive dissolution of their innocent offspring. Rain was advancing with rapid strides, and it was necessary to summon resolution to meet the emergency, and to endeavor to conceal some means by which it might be averted.

To solicit the assistance of others was revolting to the proud feelings of the father, who preferred perishing by the hand of his maker, rather than receive the reluctant charity of his fellows. But it was not alone for himself he was to decide, there were others whose interest it was necessary to consult, and whatever value might be attached to his own existence, it was not for him to ravish from them the pleasing illusions of hope. He looked upon the child whose death had now released from all earthly pain, and reflected that the rites of sepulture were due, but no means were in their hands by which the dead might be buried from their sight. The idea was present to his mind, that the object of his love must soon in the ordinary operations of nature, cause in his soul mingled emotions of horror and disgust. He looked upon his wife, the tried companion of every sorrow, whose voice had breathed comfort to a disconsolate mind; the furrows were seen on her brow, the sunken cheek, the languid eye, the pale lip, and all the dreadful concomitants of fa-

mine, rushed upon his recollection. It was a picture no painter could have drawn, even in the most inspired moments of his art, for here might be found a congregation of lineaments, beyond the reach of human fancy, described by heaven's high hand. It was too much for the feelings of a father, already bowed down with innumerable woes, his countenance was covered with a deadly whiteness, his eye wildly rolled, and as he raised his clenched hand it seemed that life was about to quit her citadel. But it was a momentary agitation, and as he supported on his hand a throbbing head, a flood of tears gave relief to that unutterable anguish which was struggling within him, unseen by any save the power by whom it was given.

The eldest daughter therefore began her journey in search of some means by which her calamitous condition might be softened and made more tolerable in its endurance. It is not for me at this time to narrate the difficulties which beset her on this eventful night, the contempt of the rich, the contumely of the proud, and the insults of the licentious, it was her hard fate to bear in silence. After many wearisome hours she returned with a scanty pittance, scarcely sufficient to provide a few morsels of bread, which was immediately shared among the famished family, and devoured with ravenous eagerness. The appearance of the unhappy girl, but too evidently showed the wounds an acute sensibility had received in the execution of the duty imposed on her.

I could not refrain from exclaiming: Why has man been called into existence, and endowed with lofty and intelligent faculties, merely to sport for a few hours in the gladdening beams of prosperity, and then to sink into the darkness of despair? Has providence given him an understanding, and the gift of memory for the purpose of conferring on his misery an augmented pang? Nature every where smiles in the splendor of her charms, and dispenses with a lavish hand to all who live, the rich driver of his bounty, and governs with a gentle sway throughout her great domains. The roving beast of prey melted by her soft influence, will forget his thirst of blood, and in glorious oblivion bury the powerful instinct, which urged him to the destined victim of his rage. But man will not forget the object of his hate, and ever with a savage perseverance presses on to gratify a mean revenge, which in its consummation can alone bring misery to himself. He can remove, behind his fellow man without understanding the combined operation of poverty and disease; it is for him to proceed still further, and make the miseries of others the object of his mirth.

Stop rash man, (said Israel) and accuse not heaven of injustice, because thy feeble intelligence cannot comprehend the mysteries of fate, nor scan the decrees of omnipotence. Look to the sparkling stars which now adorn the firmament, and when thou canst number them in their course, and canst wield them to their purpose, even then the threshold of this august temple would not be passed. Consider the immensity of the creation, and the humble in thy enquiries after wisdom, for to such only will she be revealed, from the aspiring soul she flees affrighted to her native residence. The scene of suffering before thee is not the exertion of arbitrary power, but the result of wisdom and mercy, and the lesson which it teaches is of practical importance. The censure which a false feeling of compassion has induced, will soon appear erroneous even to thyself, for at the moment it was pronounced the angel of mercy had received his mandate. Thou wilt now witness benevolence, the most exalted, and charitably the most disinterested, the melodious strains of infant gratitude will fall upon thy ear in sweetest numbers. Transfer thy observation to the street in which we are, and notice what is passing there under the dark shadow of the night, and when the picture is fully developed, ask of thy heart if virtue claims not for herself a noble triumph.

At the door I perceived a person muffled up, and whom in consequence of the obscurity of the night, it was impossible distinctly to describe, but a short time with great activity she ascended the narrow stairs. Throwing aside the cloak which had hitherto concealed her, there stood condensed a young, beautiful, and very interesting woman, whose lovely countenance sufficiently testified the motive of her visit. The affability of her demeanour, and the compassionate enquiries she made of the unhappy objects, and the numerous plans proposed to administer relief to their necessities, all conspired to move my feelings with the warmest friendship. She raised the lifeless child from the floor, and her own flaxen ringlets fell upon its now faded cheek, the brilliant eye became suffused with tears of mingled passion and regret. Placing in the reflection that the power was hers to mitigate the extremity of woe and soften the asperity which poverty gives to disease; regret could not be banished when she saw the suffering which an earlier visit might have prevented, and reflected how much misery was endured in the very lap of plenty. Dreadful indeed is the idea that, in a land where nature gives her fruits in rich abundance, there should be found a solitary individual to whom their enjoyment is denied.

The amiable lady before us, did not confine her benevolence to mere curiosity, or a vain sensibility; the benefits she conferred were of a broad and substantial kind. The current of her charity was like a gentle stream, spreading freshness and fertility through the mead, imparting to the fading flower new beauty, known only in its effects, but in its fountain concealed from every human eye. She gave not of her bounty with ostentation and parade; like a tender plant shrinking from the vulgar gaze, her acts of kindness were performed in comparative solitude and silence. In this instance giving a very trifling for the present purpose, she departed, and on this night I saw her no more. After the lapse of some time, I looked again but the scene was changed, and in the place of subject matter now consumed now smiled on a grateful family—disease had vanished, and with returning health, industry cheered by the hope of reward had again resumed its active course—comfort and convenience now occupied the abode, where but a few days before nothing presented but hunger, sickness, and disgrace; now no longer is the fond parent's heart harrowed by the dread of impending destruction.

This was the work of that fair creature, whom at the party Israel had pointed out to me, the pleasures of dissipation could not make her callous to the cry of distress, in the indulgence of innocent festivity, she forgot not those who mourned. To bind up the broken heart, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to console the afflicted, were to her the source of rapturous joy; her ear was never dull, nor her hand closed against the needy and op-

pressed. At her expense the members of this unfortunate household were raised from their dejection, and supplied with all the requisites to enable them honorably to fulfill the duties of society. Furnished with all the luxuries that extensive wealth can command, the means are never wanting to enforce the designs of a generous heart—no narrow limits are prescribed by bigotry and prejudice to her liberality, for none can be so base as to forfeit their claim upon her friendly disposition. There is not a more lovely object in the whole creation, than a beautiful woman engaged in the heavenly office of administering to the sufferings of those who labour under the load of poverty and contempt.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SKETCHES No. 1.

LUCINDA.

"Here the wild bursts of the blustering storm;
And his the calm of the moon's serene."

Lucinda Montville was the only child of an officer, slain in battle on the field of Waterloo. He fell gallantly at the head of his battalion, whilst repelling the invaders of struggling America during the Revolutionary war. Lucinda, when her father expired, a meritorious victim to the shrine of liberty, was the blooming child of thirteen summers, radiant in charms profusely lavished by the hands of nature. She resided with her father's sister, and in fact had become her adopted daughter; her mother having exchanged the illusions of time, for the certainties of eternity, ere her child could comprehend the inestimable value of that heart-felt parent, Lucinda, though young and inexperienced, was sufficiently rational to beavil most poignantly the decease of her father; but the grief of her young bosom was not of long duration; and the ameliorating balm of time briefly gave her worthy sorrow to oblivion. The residence of Lucinda's aunt was an elegant cottage on the eastern border of the river Delaware not far distant from the vicinity of Gloucester point. It was a beautiful dwelling, fancifully decorated with arbours of eagline and wild roses, fragrant flowers both native and exotic, and secured rather the little celestial Eden of a fairy family than the habitation of human beings. This cottage was now the property of Miss Martha Montville, the only surviving child of the once wealthy Sir Sidney Montville, of Montville Abbey in England; it had been purchased by the latter on his arrival in America a few years prior to the death of Lucinda's father. Miss Martha was the decidedly acknowledged enemy to the male part of the creation and pronounced them indiscriminately a false, beguiling race. To give features of plausibility to this general dislike it becomes necessary to record a few of the love adventures which occurred to this maiden lady; the which we hope will sufficiently atone for her general application of deceit to lords of the creation. The first love with which Miss Martha was inspired unconsciously took possession of her bosom on receiving an elaborate confession of attachment, with the usual quantity of vows and protestations intermixed, from a young physician, just escaped from the trammels of study and ostentatiously displaying his diploma, as sufficient token of victory. He saw Miss Martha at a ball and understanding she possessed an ample fortune, immediately felt the pain accompanying the loss of a home. The doctor was a person who drew his conclusions hastily, and always implicitly adhering to the old adage "time and tide wait for no man," he therefore no sooner determined to be in love than he penned the above mentioned epistle to the object of his emotions. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt delineating the many flutterings which succeeded each other in the breast of Miss Martha, on receiving this written avowal; let it suffice that the delicacy of her sensations was finally eclipsed by the violence of her regard; the doctor was received in form as her suitor, and for some weeks addressed her with all the ardour which a man of letters could bestow. All things proceeded satisfactorily; the day was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, but alas! in the interim the doctor discovered his mistake concerning ample fortune, and the discomfited Miss Martha, was compelled to hear all the horrors of a desertion, at the very moment hope had painted her conchoidal bliss in rainbow colours. The second failure, which it becomes our unworthy lot to record, was the trick of a jockey, in the guise of a missionary methodist, who suddenly became entangled in the web of love, paid his devoirs to Miss Martha, and laid her far side, as he called it, to her promise never to be another's, but—(I scarce know whether to say happily or unhappily) ere his perfidious designs were accomplished it was discovered, the Rev. Mr. Y— had forgotten to inform the devoted object of his fidelity, he was already shackled by the ties of Hymen, on this side the Atlantic. A third and even a fourth deception of a similar nature, occasioned a resolution in Miss Martha never to marry; likewise causing that antipathy to the masculine gender which we before observed. With this lady the only thing of interest in her life, she was what may be called in the general acceptance of the term a fair beauty, with auburn hair, curling eyes, and transparent complexion. Her natural disposition was of the most amiable character, yet at the age of sixteen implicit adherence to, and belief in the opinion of her adopted maternal dictator, with the impressions frequent repetitions of her aunt's calamities occasioned, could not fail instilling in her susceptible bosom a repulsive feeling towards the primitive sex. From this cause, may be dated her perfect acquaintance with a single young gentleman at that age, she always in her visits to her friends in Philadelphia evading any intimacy with gentlemen and shunning as much as possible their company. This, however, did not render her less lovely to the eyes of Wilfrid Stanhope, a youth a few years her senior, with whose sister Lucinda had contracted a friendship at music school. He far the first time beheld Lucinda whilst she was paying a transient visit to his sister in the city; he immediately became enchanted with her beauty and gentle manners, and although his utmost endeavors were unsavory to engage her in conversation, the impulse was too strong to be resisted, and he sought her out, with the fascinating tremor of her melting blue eyes, caused him a night of confused dreams, and a morning teeming with desires to become further acquainted with the lovely Lucinda, as he rapturously styled her in his enquiries of his sister. Wilfrid Stanhope was a noble, generous, and intelligent, of an enthusiastic and quick temperament, yet strictly honorable in all his actions. On the morning after beholding Lucinda, he inquired of his sister who she was, where she resided, and upon gaining which information, he sought his fowling tackle and proceeded on a gun-

ning excursion. He gunned all the morning within a mile of Lucinda's residence, in the afternoon he approached nearer the dwelling, and throwing himself carefully upon a bank within view of the house, thus pondered: "It is strange that I should feel such an unconscious admiration for this young being! I have scarcely spoken to her, and even then she answered me coldly, although I thought there was something almost angelic, in the mild light of her soft eyes—as young and unacquainted with the giddy trammels of the world, yet I hate myself when recollecting the glances which spoke her superior to flattery and replied to my fulsome compliments. Well, I have always been the advocate of love at first sight, can it be possible that I am already its victim?—Oh, my poor romantic brain, whither have you led me at last! My sister says, she is certain Miss Montville's affections are perfectly free, but—

"I have seen her," he murmured sweetly to my fancy—to have her all my own, unclouded by any prior attachment; innocent as nature formed her! blissful idea! But let me cease this raving, and ask for what purpose came I hither?—To behold Lucinda my wish—to venture to her aunt's on so slight an acquaintance would not advance me any in her estimation—no other measure appears to me, save that of remaining stationary upon this spot, perhaps she may wander forth to enjoy the afternoon breeze, then I may apparently meet her by accident; here then will I remain, with as many hopes and fears stealing over me as if I were under sentence of death." He had scarcely uttered the last sentence, when he observed a female lightly trip from the house over the lawn with a book in her hand; she swiftly ran to a large tree around which a grape-vine clung in wild magnificence; she threw herself down in its shade and commenced reading about the story of Palemon and Lavinia; the soft breeze of noon played among her auburn tresses, and wafted them in unrestrained negligence over her alabaster neck—the moon blue eye was suffused with drops of feeling as she heard her own sweet voice echo with the exquisite description of Lavinia, and was heightened up with the fire of enthusiasm as she pronounced with rapture Palemon's noble conduct. On concluding the story, she threw down the book and pressing her hand upon her heart, exclaimed, "and are there no Palemons now," closed her eyes and fell against the tree in a willing trance of thought—but at that moment Wilfrid, who at first had been an unwilling hearer of every word she spoke, and had been drinking draughts of love with every sentence, started from behind the bushes that screened him and threw himself at Lucinda's feet, exclaiming: "lovely Miss Montville, there yet remain those whose love can equal Palemon's!"—which was followed by an avowal of everlasting affection, and a petition that she would not form a wrong opinion of his principles from such a sudden confession, but test the truth of his affection by his future constancy. Lucinda at first attempted to escape, but on recognizing Wilfrid, patiently awaited the conclusion of his harangue, whilst blushing deeply with deepest crimson her interesting features. Her mind was so completely confused at the abruptness of Wilfrid's appearance, and his impassioned avowal of love, just at the moment too when her vivid fancy was entranced in an elysium of rapturous admiration at Palemon's disinterested conduct, that all repulsive feelings were awhile forgotten, as she timidly glanced at the suppliant at her feet. Her hesitation soon passed away when with a sweetness of accent imitatively harmonious, she desired Mr. Stanhope to rise, adding with irresistible naivete, accompanied by a glance of playful penetration: "The gentlemen of the present age compliment very extravagantly I perceive, Mr. Stanhope, my ignorance of the proper style of reply will, I hope, exonerate me from making a suitable answer upon the present occasion."

"Indeed, Miss Montville," responded Wilfrid, "you mistake my character, if you suppose me one of those who deal in unvarnished flatteries, or heartless adulation; believe me when I assert I would deem myself unworthy a moment's consideration, did not my heart deeply feel the emotions to which my lips give utterance." "Ah! Sir," rejoined Lucinda, "it is indeed so very difficult to discern a difference between sincerity and its opposite characteristic in you gentlemen, that we simple females to evade the latter are compelled to believe all males its partisans. I acquiesce in his being a cruel doctrine to make the innocent suffer with the guilty, but when there is none other more liberal and equally safe, we reasonably should follow this."

"Cruel Miss Montville," exclaimed Wilfrid, "your maxim is indeed severe; are there no means by which you are willing to test the sincerity of one who feels himself compelled to acknowledge, there is but too much reason for your fearful suspicions?"

"None, Sir, that I may devise," she answered: "a task of that nature, it most befits the gentlemen to perform." "And would you be willing amiable Miss Montville, to sanction my addresses, should I demonstrate to your satisfaction the sincerity of my motives, and the purity of my regards?" cried the sanguine Wilfrid. A chaste blush was the only answer which he received to this question, which closed the conversation by bringing them to the house. Wilfrid being invited in by Lucinda, they entered together, and were received by Aunt Martha with manifest surprise. An introduction to Wilfrid, as the brother of Miss Stanhope, lessened the evident concern of Aunt Martha on perceiving Lucinda in company with a gentleman, yet the utmost endeavors of Wilfrid were vain to engage her good opinions in his favor. The residue of the afternoon passed away without further materially the acquaintance of the young couple, owing to Aunt Martha's prejudice, which ever and anon burst forth in some mal-diction against the faithlessness of men. The shades of evening were throwing a gloom over the hues of nature, when Wilfrid rose to retire, a slight invitation from Aunt Martha, with a smiling repetition of the same request, couched in modest language, from Lucinda, imparted a thrill of ecstasy to his hopes, as he bid them farewell and returned home. Immediately on his departure, Lucinda informed her Aunt of the confession of affection he had made her, with the subsequent conversation that passed between them, at the same time adding, she believed him free from deceit, as his sister had always spoken of him with the kindest affection as the best and kindest of brothers. Her Aunt listened in silence until Lucinda concluded, then after solemnly cautioning her to beware that her affection was not unconsciously engaged by the warm panegyrics of the sister added to the beauty and ingenious reasoning of the brother, but he recollect her own sad history and left her to repose. Lucinda quickly

retired to her pillow but not so soon to sleep; the image of the suppliant Wilfrid still floated in her imagination; she thought she again heard his ardent confessions and saw his eye beaming with adoration. "And could all this have been deceit," she pondered, "could this be falsehood? Nay, my heart, your belief is too rigorous; there may be exceptions to the surely hypocrite's deceit; a garb of truth and candor, and honest simple words of feeling; I will believe no longer they are all deceivers!—But still it is not so easy to try the strength, the durability of his affection; time will discover whether or not he is sincere; and to time I commit my hopes." With the last thought impressed upon her mind she slumbered, and her dreams were as delicious as the virgin purity of a first, a maternal love.

Wilfrid when home, imparted the facts of the foregoing scene to his sister, who, whilst she strove through the woods with her gun, closed so effectively as to satisfy every doubt in Lucinda's mind of the purity of Wilfrid's intentions, as well as the fervency of his regard—on his return Lucinda received him with a smile; he again assured her of his perpetual affection, and asked permission to lay his proposals before her Aunt. This, however, was not granted until some weeks after, when at the repeated solicitations of both Wilfrid and his sister a gentle assent was given from the blushing Lucinda. Accordingly Wilfrid's proposals were made before the wedding ceremony of Aunt Martha, who after uttering her ideas, consented to give her consent at the end of one year after her agreement. With this proposition which met the cordial approbation of Lucinda, Wilfrid, after vainly endeavoring to lessen the period of trial, acquiesced. It would be idle here to attempt repeating the doubts and fears, the joys and sorrows of the lovers during this momentous year; it is enough to say, the long believed maxims of Aunt Martha were entirely annihilated; Wilfrid remained faithful and fully proved there yet remain some whose hearts are unswayed by the gulf of deceit.

The lovers were united, and several of considerable felicity smile more benignly upon any family than that of the noble Wilfrid and his lovely Lucinda. FREDERICK.

THE MISCELLANET.

"The first time I had the pleasure of being in company with the Rev. John Wesley, was in the year 1783. I asked him what must be done to keep Methodism alive when he was dead: to which he immediately answered, 'The Methodists must take heed to their Doctrine, their Experience, their Promise, and their Discipline. If they attend to their doctrine only, they will make the people Atheists; if to the experimental part only, they will make them enthusiasts; if to the practical part only, they will make them Pharisees; and if they do not attend to their discipline, they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating their garden, and put no fence round it to save it from the wild boar of the forest.'"

MOURNING APPAREL.

It is not easy to enter freely on the discussion of topics on which the feelings of a large part of the community are strongly pre-engaged; or to make any suggestion of mistake or impropriety in those customs, which their feelings have hallowed. The custom of wearing mourning apparel is one of this nature—in any suggestion against its expediency it is necessary therefore to bespeak the reader's candor and indulgence.

The principal objections against the custom of wearing mourning apparel, are, that it is useless, inconvenient and expensive. For, what use does it serve? To remind me I am in affliction? I do not need any such reminder. To point me out to others as a mourner? I do not wish to be so pointed out. Shall the sable garb be adopted then because it is grateful to my feelings, because it is a kind of sacrifice to me? I can gain no consolation from it. If then, the custom is useless, it is still more objectionable, on account of the inconvenience and expense. It is inconvenient, because it throws the care of purchasing and making clothes, upon a family, at the very moment, when on every account it most needs seclusion and quietness; when, worn out with care and watching and sorrow, it needs retirement and relief. That the expense presses heavily upon the poor, is a matter very well known, and I believe generally regretted. If, then, there is a custom in the community, which is no real benefit, and is a real burden, it would seem a clear inference that it ought to be discouraged. If there be any who fear that they shall be too soon forgotten, among men, when they are gone, let them be reminded that it depends upon themselves, not upon the habits-manners of their friends, upon their character, not upon their obsequies, whether they shall be remembered. "The memorial of virtue," saith the wisdom of Solomon, "is immortal. When it is present, men take example of it; and when it is gone, they desire it; it is wealth a crown and triumph forever."

HIGHLAND DRESS.

Ascending the hill to the gate of Sterling Castle, a soldier in a Highland dress made his appearance, and offered his service as a guide. His kilt of checked plaid, and naked knees, and bonnet or cap covered with a profusion of black plumes, that nodded at every step, seemed to carry me back in imagination to the "golden time," when this dress was the common costume, and when Scottish kings held their royal courts within the walls of this old fortress. It contributes very much to the effect produced by viewing an ancient castle, the gray and mossy walls of which are crumbled by the storms that have beat upon them for ages, to see at the same time the very sentinel on his post in the same costume as worn by his predecessors who walked his weary round in former times. The existence of this costume among the Highlanders of itself naturally leads the morose visitor into reflections upon the strange mutability of time, that has spared what in most nations is considered as of mere ephemeral existence—the fashion of dress, to survive in this country as the only monument of its proud conquerors, even after that nation once staid the mistress of the world, had ceased to exist. The cold hills of Scotland, contain the only remnant of the Roman costume, while the only vestige of the Latin tongue is found among the remote wilds of Poland. The appearance of the bare knee, and of the dress generally, is not unbecom-

